

The Pocahontas Times.

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Marlinton, Pocahontas Co., West Virginia, March, 12 1908

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IRON PROSPECTS

From the Staunton Spectator

The Goshon Iron Company, which recently acquired the Iron Mountain and Greenbrier Railroad, which runs from White Sulphur Springs up Anthony's Creek to the Pocahontas line, has taken possession of its property and is now operating it. The company expects to mine and ship to its furnaces at Goshon, 200,000 tons of ore this year.

This is probably the largest single deal in iron ore lands which has ever taken place in West Virginia. The price of the railroad is said to be about \$400,000, and the price of the land is said to be about \$2,000,000. The vein of ore underlying this property begins near Alvon and extends through it northward and on to Greenbank in Pocahontas county. At some point it has been found to be 150 feet in width and the depth has not been found. The great intention of the purchasing company has not been made known, but in addition to Goshon furnace, which it will supply at once, it is presumed that so soon as conditions warrant, it will erect furnaces near the ore.

This iron property presents peculiar features. It lies right beside the finest of limestone, and is nearer coal than any iron property of value in West Virginia. The company has bought a railroad as stated, which extends from White Sulphur Springs to the Pocahontas county line. From its northern end at the Pocahontas line it is about 14 miles to Marlinton, the county seat of Pocahontas county, where it could build and thus connect with the C. & O. Railway's Greenbrier branch, thence with its line to Durbin, where it connects with the O. & I. Ry., a Wabash branch, giving direct Pittsburgh connections for the transportation of pig iron, or ore. At Marlinton there is a little road belonging to the Campbell Lumber Co., which extends over into the coal fields of western Pocahontas county, from which coal could be hauled to a furnace established at the mines of this company, the greatest distance being only about 20 miles. There is another small road known as the Warn Lumber Co.'s road leading from Seebert over into the coal field on the head of Cranberry river. The terminus of this road at Seebert is only about 20 miles from the present terminus of the Iron Co.'s railway on the Waters of Anthony's creek.

In addition to this, if a line were built by the Iron Co. from its present railway terminus to Durbin, it would give direct Pittsburgh connections over the C. & O. & I. Ry., a Wabash branch to Pittsburgh as we have shown. The line from the Iron Co.'s railway to Durbin is an easy proposition, down Southards creek to Knapps creek on to Danmore, thence to Deer creek and along its waters to the head, thence over to Green river at Durbin, the present junction of the C. & I. and C. & O. Rys. Such a line would pass through a section of country heavily timbered and lay along the base of the iron mountain belt from the company's mines to Greenbank. This portion of their road, if built, would pay as an independent proposition. Its construction would give the Iron Co. competing freight rates, a short haul for coal from the W. Va. Central's mines, and a direct Pittsburgh outlet.

The Iron land was purchased some years ago by a Mr. Daniel O'Connell now residing at White Sulphur, probably the shrewdest and most far seeing person ever interested in the lumber interests of West Virginia. It formerly belonged to C. P. Huntington, of New York R. R.

Catlett and J. Fred Effinger of Staunton, Va., and H. A. Holt and A. F. Mathews of Lewisburg, W. Va., who placed a value on it as iron land, but seemed never to have been able to locate the vein. After some years of disappointment in proving its value, they sold to Mr. O'Connell, who had been cutting lumber on adjoining tracts and who had faith in the existence of ore in paying quantities. He impressed its value on certain Baltimoreans, viz: Mr. C. C. Homer of the Second National Bank, Messrs. T. J. Shryock and Geo. F. M. Hauck of the same city, and a company was formed known as the Sherwood Co. of Baltimore city, afterwards incorporated in West Virginia under the name of the Sherwood Co. of W. Va. This company was the owner at the date of the aforesaid sale. After the property was acquired by them Mr. O'Connell persistently hunted for the ore. Being an old Colorado miner, he to some extent ignored the expert and the geologist, and called in the practical miner with pick and shovel. These "turned the trick" after some eminent geologist had turned down the proposition as "no good." After he had put his practical miners to work at the point where he felt sure the ore must be, if at all, and the ore had been found in such quantities as made his Baltimore associates smile, diamond drills were installed and they told a tale of wonder.

Since the purchase by this new company, they have sent about 230 men to the mines who are now at work building shanties and such houses as are necessary for the operation of the mines, and are installing a cable from the mines to the railway track, and in a little while work will begin in earnest. The ore is brown hematite of excellent quality, yielding about 55 per cent of pure iron, and is easily mined.

Knapps Creek

J. O. Cary will complete his logging in a few days, and will then be ready to drive the several million feet of logs to Ronovert.

We are glad to see the name of J. H. Buzzard for sheriff.

The Mutual Telephone Co. will extend their line from Frost to a connection with the Highland county Mutual line as soon as the weather permits.

Miss Louisa Jordan, of Fayette county, will teach the Thorny creek school.

Miss Lena McGraw has taught a very successful school at Sunset.

Knapps Creek Camp

We have had fine weather for skidding logs at Cary's camp. They will soon have all the logs on the landing, waiting for the drive.

G. W. Ginger, our blacksmith, left for his home some days ago.

Melvin Johnson, formerly a cook at this camp, has charge of the landing camp as cook, success or to Clarence Jordan.

M. F. Herold is hauling fertilizer from camp to recuperate his farm.

Jake McLaughlin and little John Sheets have about finished their job of skidding.

Charley Grose says he always has a sore foot when he is skidding.

George Dolan left for his home at Buckeye several days ago.

Gilmer Sharp says he can't be with the boys this week as he has to go courting.

John Clarkson has the job of hauling supplies for the camps.

J. O. Carey spent last Sunday at home.

Dorey McCarty has a fine cutting timber near the Landing camp; Adam Ray and Henderson Sharp are working it.

Resolutions of Respect

Adopted at a regular meeting of Marlinton Lodge No. 182, and Pocahontas Encampment No. 111, Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

Resolved, That, whereas in the course of human existence it has become the work of nature to consume in the onward sweep of time the arches that span our transient existence and man, the heaven born creature once endowed with divine happiness, forgetful of the possible destiny to which he was coming, overstepped the Omnipotent laws and brought upon himself the forces that separate the celestial from the terrestrial, and for this error man has found himself a weak and lonesome creature and in order to further his interests as an individual the divine nature from which he received his origin has prompted a desire for association, sympathy and friendship.

And whereas, in the loss and separation of friends those ties which have been formed by years of association and companionship are broken and man falls in grief as he sees those forms that he has cherished borne from his midst, and as an individual feels his inability to bear this burden, but the fraternal spirit prompts him to seek sympathy of his associates and thus often he finds panacea for his broken spirit.

Therefore be it Resolved: That whereas in His Infinite Wisdom it has pleased the Great Father to remove from our midst a dear home of our worthy brother, John Waugh, his kind and devoted wife, Amanda Waugh, who through the past years has been his companion and comfort, that we bow in deep submission to the Divine will, believing that in His mercy He passes no affliction upon His children other than that which He feels, and sees in His Wise Providence to be for their interest, for he said, "The glory of the Lord is my strength."

Be it therefore, Resolved: That we extend unto Brother Waugh and his family our heartfelt sympathy in his bereavements, and trust that the pure lessons of sympathy and the "Covenant of Friendship" that he has learned in our beloved Order will be to him a solace and as he journeys onward across the plains and add through the wilderness of life, that the storms which may befall him may be strengthening pillars to a bridge over his bereavements, until at last he shall pass from this land of tears to the side of she, who has preceded him to a rest with Father Abraham.

Be it further resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Brother Waugh and his family, and a copy be spread upon the minutes of Marlinton Lodge No. 182 and upon the minutes of Pocahontas Encampment No. 111, and that a copy be tendered to the Marlinton Messenger and Pocahontas Times for publication therein.

A. D. WILLIAMS,
A. O. BAXTER,
Ed. C. AMBROSE,
Joint Committee.

George E. Galford
Died February 18, 1908

Upon the rolling hillside
A cold dark grave they made,
And near the fifty oak tree
His silent form was laid.

We know his happy spirit,
For Jesus' sake has flown;
But our hearts are sore,
To know that George is gone.

God needed one more worker
In his shining band,
And he with loving smiles
Has clasped our brother's hand.

G. G.

TRACTS

What is a tract? It is a leaflet of several leaves, always unbound conveying religious truth. This truth may be under the form of life history, striking incidents or wholly doctrinal, teaching the way of Eternal Life at first hand. While fiction can and often does inculcate truth, tracts are seldom or never fictitious.

This style of writing has been an mighty power of good used by the Christian church,—witness the American Tract Society's grand building in New York City. Whether circulated as much as formerly I cannot say; tracts do come our way in thick piles of other years, but it is to be hoped that some sections of the land are foreign heathen lands still gathering good from the small unnumbered tract.

Mrs. Hannah More, "Mrs. thro' that fine English courtesy to maiden ladies of maturer years and great respect, also usefulness is put down as the first tract writer. She wielded a strong pen in religious literature, books and tracts; her "Shepherds of Salisbury Plains," a deeply interesting leaflet that has done a world of good. Though unheard and unread since earliest childhood, I recall vividly where an English gentleman riding, meets the venerable shepherd and supposing he often forecasts the weather for his flocks, salutes him. The old man with that natural and beautiful courtesy born of real worth whether high or low, uncovered his head, the white locks fluttering in the evening breeze and replied to the question as to coming weather, "Sir, it will be such weather as pleases me." "And what is that, my good friend?"

"Such as pleases our Heavenly Father,—it always pleases me." A lesson for us all.

Then in the humble home of the shepherd, afterwards, when the family are seated at their frugal meal, a little child remarks,—

"See, we have salt with our potatoes and some have no salt with theirs; we thank God for that," added the parent. Upon the knees of an old grandame in the chimney corner rested a warm blanket just presented her, and she was seen to be crying.

"Why mother, do you cry?"

"Oh, children, I fear we are receiving our good things here in this life." This is pious, true, pious, thankfulness and remembrance of God our Father with a living thought of the world to come where the best things are.

There rises to mind that wonderful Tract called, "Come to Jesus," instrumental in saving many souls. And those sweet tracts of Rev. Leigh Richmond's that can never die; "Litt's Jane, the Young Cottager," and "The Dairyman's daughter," truthful records of a Christian child in humble life, aged fifteen years, and the other, a Christian of thirty-one years, written in the winning natural style of that excellent clergyman of the established Church of England, Mr. Richmond himself the heavenly guide and teacher of the two, first taught of God's spirit.

"Jane, the Young Cottager," has thus led a multitude of sinners to Christ, she dying in that most comforting passage of the Bible of light and glory, the mighty Queen Victoria, at Osborne House palace, and first a Christian, and our time Jesus in dying, pointed upward, "Christ there and Christ here!" P. S. —

A. L. P.

Progress and Humor

Good humor is decidedly a comfortable thing, both to have and to meet with, but for all that it was a sorry day for human progress if everybody should be so humorless all the time.

—Pack

The Trolley Caribou

Being the Reminiscences of a Nature Fakir

By John Kendrick Bangs

(Copyright, by Joseph E. Lowie.)

"Naturally being a federal officeholder," said the postmaster, plastering the cut in his thumb with a one-cent stamp, "I ain't takin' any side in this here question as to whether a hungry Chipmunk really could bite the heart out of a Bull Moose or not. I'm here to sell postage stamps, and to see that no third-class matter goes out that ain't fit readin' fer the young. But I hev my opinion on the subject, which, protected by the sacred confidence of these here gatharin' around the stove, I don't mind sayin' is wholly favorable to the president of the United States. I don't believe the Chipmunk could do it—not from the outside, anyhow."

"Them's my sentiments," said St. Wetherspoon. "I'm a Democrat, but in this emergency I stand by the administration."

"He might ha' done it from the inside," continued the postmaster, but not from the outside. If that there chaplain o' the Nature Fakirs' union had said that his Chipmunk had found the Bull Moose lying asleep somewhere with his mouth open, and had run down his throat an' slipped him by the heart, an' then gnawed his way out again, I ain't a-sayin' but what maybe it might ha' happened."

"What you talkin' about, Joe?" put in the captain. "It warn't a Chipmunk an' a Bull Moose. It was a Woodchuck an' a Caribou, an' I say without no desire to curry favor with the president that the thing never happened, because Woodchucks ain't what they call a gastronomic animal."

"We don't see many Caribou around here these days," said St. Wetherspoon, as a sort of relief to the situation.

"Many?" laughed the postmaster. "I gorry, ye don't see none. I ain't see one for so long that I don't know 's I'd know 'twas a Caribou if one o' 'em should walk in here an' ask for a plug o' tobacco!"

"They ain't been none for ten years," said the captain, moodily. "Sapphira was the last one."

"Sapphira?" asked St. Wetherspoon and the Postmaster in one voice.

"Yep," said the captain. "Sapphira was that pet Caribou of mine that I used to keep out on the farm. He was the usefulest animal I ever see, an' it's always been a wonder to me that considerin' their intelligence an' susceptibility to trainin' for the useful occupations o' life they ain't been no scientific move to domesticate 'em."

"I never knowed ye had a pet Caribou, Cap," said the postmaster, with a wink at me. "Where'd ye git him?"

"I caught him young up in Penobscot," replied the Captain. "Lemme see—I think it was in the winter o' 1896 I was up on the Penobscot loggin'. It was a terrible cold winter. The snow was thutty feet deep most everywhere, an' loggin' wasn't no game fer a dancin' master, I can tell ye; but we had to do it just the same. I went up with Hex Wogley an' old Jim Wetherspoon—St's uncle up at Bangor. Wogley he disappeared after the first week, but Jim an' me we stuck to it all through the winter. I remember it was somewhere's along about the middle of January that I was waked up one night by a terrific moanin'."

"Then I suddenly remembered my theory about the ratchet, an' I made up my mind I'd take the two o' 'em up to bed with me that night an' work it on 'em. Onfortunity I was kep' out at the salt mines putty late that night an' when I got back to my claim they was all there before me, one o' 'em perched up on top o' my suitcase makin' what sounded like a stumpy speech to the rest o' 'em. You could almost tell what he was sayin' by the way he rattled that old tail o' his. If you can imagine a rattle sayin' 'Friends and Fellow Citizens, rise up and demand your rights from the heel of the oppressors. Strike for your altars an' your fires, an' when ye do strike see that ye strike 12,' you can get a fair idee o' what it sounded like, an' my ratchets on the inside o' the feller's platform all the time, and the audience spread around all over the place, so that I couldn't even climb up into my hammock! I tell ye it made me tired. With ninety-seven million square miles o' desert all around 'em to hold their mass meetin' in Rattle-snake Brotherhood No. 23 couldn't find no better place to squat than under my hammock, no better pulpit to deliver their preachin' from than that suitcase o' mine, which not only held my ratchets but my pie-jammers, my toothbrush, my coffee grinder, my can o' condensed milk and my bottle o' sarsaparilla."

"You'd ought to shoed 'em away," said St. Wetherspoon.

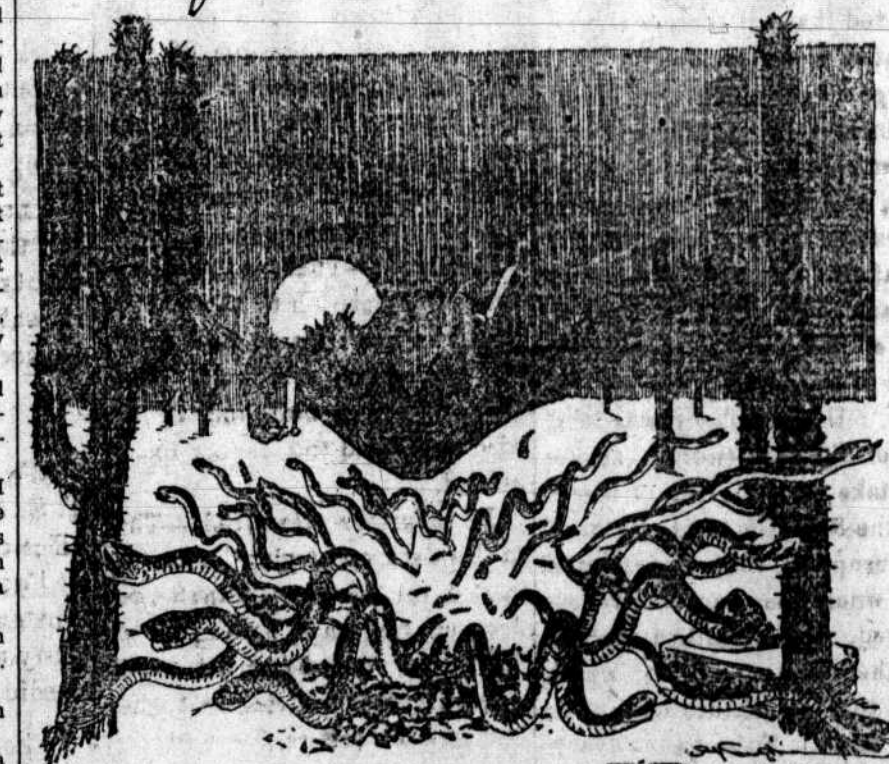
"Wake up, St," retorted the captain. "This here ain't a study o' hen life I'm givin' ye. It's rattles I'm talkin' about. Ye o a hen or ye can oin rattle snakes."

limbs o' them big cactus trees they hev down there, about 15 feet up from the ground. Then when bed-time come I'd climb up the prickles, just as I would a ladder, and slide into the hammock an' go to sleep. I was safe enough up there from anything that creeps because, though snakes can climb trees as easy as a squirrel, they find the prickles on the cactus trees a little too inconvenient for 'em, but they bothered me like the dickens with the racket they kep' up underneath. Ye know all a rattle-snake asks o' his human bein's is to be allowed to keep warm, and when them cold Arizona nights come on, an' the sun had gone down, they used to creep along to where my campfire was burnin' low, an' heat themselves alongside o' its dyin' embers. If they'd done it quietly I wouldn't ha' minded it, but somehow or other the gentling of the campfire used to make 'em talkative, an' they'd rattle away at each other on the subjects o' the day until ye couldn't tell whether it was a church sociable with all the wimmen out, or a telegraph office, ye had underneath ye. Nobody needn't never tell me that them fellers can't talk. They'd rattle questions and answers at each other like two opposin' parties at a town meetin'. Once in awhile one feller that seemed to know more 'n the rest o' 'em would rattle on for seven or eight minutes without stoppin', an' the others 'd set there gaspin' at the fire an' drinkin' it all in. Then some other feller who couldn't quite understand would give his tail a shake three or four times, endin' up with an interrogation point, and the first feller would answer sometimes pleasantly, sometimes with considerable firmness, an' once in awhile as if he was sayin' down the law more in anger than in sorrow.

"What was they talkin' about, captain?" asked St. Wetherspoon.

"I can't tell ye that my son," said

is not in my line. I warn't clappin' no injunction on that gang. I just shined up the nearest cactus tree I could find, and spent the night in the upper branches listenin' to them snakes in their long-winded harangues, and pickin' cactus spindlers out o' my pascen. At daybreak they broke up an' went their several ways, and I climb down an' eat my breakfast and to make sure against any surprises, hoisted my suitcase with the ratchets in it up into the hammock, an' then bein' wore out with the sleeplessness o' nights just passed I fellered 'em an' sleep like a log, until high noon the same everlastin' political discussion gait on below, only this time there was more feelin' into it than before, an' first thing I knew, two o' them rattlers had got to real scrapin'. I never see such a fight in all my life. They hissed, an' rattled, an' struck an' struck an' rattled, an' hissed until the air all flew up in the air an' nearly blinded me, and finally they clashed. The feller that had been rattlin' against plutocracy the night before, from the top o' my suitcase, just twisted himself around the neck o' the corporation hirin' that had sassed him back, until the corporation hirin' looked as if he had one o' them long ribbon neckties like them artist fellows wears 'em. Then he gave himself a hike an' made a sailor's knot out o' himself around the neck of his enemy. They kep' this up till each other up into four-in-hands, butterflies, spiders, lower's knots, down to the very last plain, ordinary common shoetin' tie. You couldn't hev unravelled 'em in 27 years the way you tangled 'emselves up. Meanwhile the other uns was jest settin' around lookin' them two finish the debate to suit themselves, rattlin' out three cheers as one would get the best of the other, an' then when the two fighters had tied their last tie, and squeezed 'emselves up as tight as their coils would



the captain. "I ain't up on reptilingo. They may have been discussin' the tariff, or the iniquities of predatory wealth, or the insurance question for all I know. I never got intimate enough with any on 'em to ask. All I know is that the first night I found it very interestin'. The second night it just struck me as a little noisy, an' on the third night I got tired of it, and I hollered down to them to turn out the gas and go to bed. I wanted attention to me than 's if I wasn't there—just rattled along until sunrise, when they'd break up an' crawl back each to his own p'icular sunspot. The fourth night I put the fire out before I climbed up into the hammock, hopin' that with the chief attraction of the place gone they'd keep away an' let me go to sleep, but it didn't work. Ye see the sand of the desert stored up a hull lot of heat underneath where the fire'd been burnin', an' while they prob'ly preferred the embers, there was still enough heat left there to make the place do for a lodge meetin'."

"Then I suddenly remembered my theory about the ratchet, an' I made up my mind I'd take the two o' 'em up to bed with me that night an' work it on 'em. Onfortunity I was kep' out at the salt mines putty late that night an' when I got back to my claim they was all there before me, one o' 'em perched up on top o' my suitcase makin' what sounded like a stumpy speech to the rest o' 'em. You could almost tell what he was sayin' by the way he rattled that old tail o' his. If you can imagine a rattle sayin' 'Friends and Fellow Citizens, rise up and demand your rights from the heel of the oppressors. Strike for your altars an' your fires, an' when ye do strike see that ye strike 12,' you can get a fair idee o' what it sounded like, an' my ratchets on the inside o' the feller's platform all the time, and the audience spread around all over the place, so that I couldn't even climb up into my hammock! I tell ye it made me tired. With ninety-seven million square miles o' desert all around 'em to hold their mass meetin' in Rattle-snake Brotherhood No. 23 couldn't find no better place to squat than under my hammock, no better pulpit to deliver their preachin' from than that suitcase o' mine, which not only held my ratchets but my pie-jammers, my toothbrush, my coffee grinder, my can o' condensed milk and my bottle o' sarsaparilla."

"You'd ought to shoed 'em away," said St. Wetherspoon.

"Wake up, St," retorted the captain. "This here ain't a study o' hen life I'm givin' ye. It's rattles I'm talkin' about. Ye o a hen or ye can oin rattle snakes."

"Clicketty-icketty-icketty-ick!"

"Clicketty-icketty-icketty-ick!"

"Just like that, only faster, and more stentorian like, as they say of Bill Wiggins' voice when he makes a stumpy speech."

"At the first clicketty-ick they all jumped just like a nervous rooster when you say booh to him. At the second they looked around uneasily as if expectin' to be attacked, and finally when I ratched out a click like two dozen telegraph offices tryin' to sing the 'Star Spangled Banner' all at once they made a jump for liberty that landed 'em ten yards away, an' they jumped so quick and so sudden that every blessed one o' them snakes snapped his rattles off!"

"Next mornin' when I got down to breakfast I found enough rattles to fill my suitcase, an' for ten years after that neither me nor my wife ever had to buy any buttons to sew on our clothes. We jest used them rattles as we needed 'em."

"There was a silence of three or four minutes' duration."

"I didn't know you'd ever been down to Arizona, captain," said the postmaster, finally.

"Didn't ye, Joe?" said the captain.

"No," retorted the postmaster. "If ye prove it?"

"Yes," replied the captain. "Easy! fallin' off a log. If ye'll come up to my house some night I'll show it to ye on the map, and if that ain't enough I'll show ye the old suitcase them rattlers used to make their stumpy speeches on."

"I thought ye said 15—rattlers had good pints," said St. Wetherspoon.

"So they hev," said the captain. "So they hev. They don't drink whisky, ner play cards, an' as far as I can find out they don't write magazine articles about 'Frenzied Finances or Nature Fakirs.'"

How the King Dines.

Fancy seating yourself at dinner in a chair fitted with a weighing apparatus, keeping your eye on the index of a certain figure—or possibly when a bell rings like that of a typewriter when the line is completed! Must be dreadfully uncomfortable. It is a king, who, in order to reduce his obesity—King Carlos of Portugal, as told in a special cable dispatch to the Herald this mornin'. Must be simply tantalisin' to a man of His Majesty's royal government.